

WILD WASEI Songbook



TO ALL MY FRIENDS

I WOULD LIKE TO THANK EVERYONE WHO
CONTRIBUTED THEIR TIME, EFFORT, AND
MATERIAL TO HELP ME PUT THIS BOOK
TOGETHER; AND, TO THOSE OF YOU WHO
CAME UP WITH SOME SORT OF EXCUSE
WHEN I ASKED FOR HELP, A VERY SPECIAL

* F U C K Y O U *

LOVE,
Vito

(GREG ANDERS)

INDEX

NUMBER	TITLE	TUNE
1	Republic's Ultra Hog	Walbash Cannonball
2	Thud Drivers in the Sky	Coast Riders in the Sky
3	The Red River Valley	Same
4	Don't Send Me to Hanoi	Winchester Cathedral
5	One Hundred Missions	When Johnny Comes Marching Home
6	Hallelujah	Same
7	388th	
8	Bear of the Sky	King of the Road
9	The Weasel Song	Titanic
10	Wild Weasel	Sweet Betsey From Pike
11	Pop Goes The Weasel	Same
12	Whiffenpoof Song	Same
13	Up in That Valley	Down in the Valley
14	Whiffenpoof (SEA)	Same
15	It's Tragic	It's Magic
16	Puff	Same
17	Little Red Light	My Blue Heaven
18	Where have all the Old Heads Gone	Where Have All the Flowers Gone
19	Twelve Days of Combat	Twelve Days of Christmas
20	The Air Force Lament	Battle Hymn of the Republic
21	Oh it's Beer Beer Beer	
22	Wingman's Lament	Sweet Betsey From Pike
23	I Wanted Wings (SEA Version)	
24	Good Old Mountain Dew	Same
25	Bless 'em All	
26	Jolly Jolly Bangkok	Jolly England
27	Migs Come Out to Play	My Home in Indiana
28	"G" Suits and Parachutes	Bell Bottom Trousers
29	Jolly Jolly England	Same
30	And I Learned About Flying From Him	I Learned About Women From Her
31	Come on and Join the Air Force	You'll Never Mind
32	The Others Went Flying	
33	Lets Have a Party	
34	B-52 Take-off	
35	Landlord, Fill the Flowing Bowl	Three Jolly Coachman
36	My How the money Rolls IN	My Bonnie
37	Ball of Yarn	
38	Fighter Pilots	
39	You can Tell a Fighter Pilot	
40	Nickel on the Grass	Hallelujah
41	I Love My Girl	
42	Roll Your Leg Over	Dixie
43	Woodpeckers Song	Same
44	Show me the Way to Go Home	
45	The Scotch Wedding	
46	Salome	
47	Ass Holes Are Cheap Today	
48	O' Neillley's Daughter	Froggy Went a'Wooing
49	Charlie Went A-Running	
50	F-4 Serenade	
51	Oh Rip the Feathers Away	
52	The Candle Song	
53	Forty Fighters	
54	Kathuselem	
55	The Camel	

56	Poor But Honest	
57	Shit Hot From Korat	Sweet Betsy From Pike
58	Sing Us Another One Do	
'59	The Tinker	
60	Beside a Korean Waterfall	
61	Tie My Root Around A Tree	Chisolm Trail
62	The Little Bird	
63	Do your Balls Hang Low	March of the Toy Soldiers
64	Falsies and Brassieres	Coffee in Brazil
65	The Lady in Red	
66	Spanish Guitar	
67	Our Baby	
68	Horse Shit	
69	Sammy Small	
70	Sammy Small (SEA version)	
71	Ting-a-Ling	
72	We All May Be Dead Tomorrow	
73	Stay With God	Dashing Through the Snow
74	I Saw Her Snatch	
75	Mary Ann Burns	
76	No Balls At All	
77	Nelly Darling	
78	The Balls Of O'Leary	The Bells Of St. Mary
79	Last Night	Finicule-Finecula
80	Sixteen Times	Sixteen Tons
81	Adeline Schmidt	
82	I've Got Six-pence	
83	Uncle John And Auntie Mabel	Hark the Herald Angels Sing
84	Six Pounds Off Boobies	These Are The Things I Love
85	Kotex Song	Caissons go Rolling Along
86	Old Gray Bustle	Old Gray Bonnet
87	Sally	
88	Barnacle Bill The Pilot	
89	Street Cleaner Song	Carolina in the Morning
90	The Mouse	
91	Into The Air 69ers	
92	Humoresque	
93	Bang it to Lulu	
94	Have You Tried Yessup?	
95	Battle Hymn	Battle Hymn Of The Republic
96	Silver Threads Among The Gold	
97	Frigging In The Rigging	
98	Do You Know Ken, My Sister Tilly	
99	Styles	
100	Lilly From Piccadilly	Smiles
101	The Bastard King Of England	
102	Three Whores From Canada Junction	
103	Oh My God	
104	Violate me	
105	Ring Dang Doo	
106	The Bloody Great Wheel	
107	Paddy Murphy	
108	I Want to Play Piano in a Whore House	
109	Ode to a Great Fuckin' SAR Effort	
110	The Twelve days of Christmas	Same
111	Joy To The World	Same
112	Jingle Bells	Same
113	Little Town Of Bethlehem	Same

REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG

1.

Tune: Walbash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy summer day,
As we pitched up on the target you could hear all the gunners say,
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really quite a dog,
She's known around the country as Republic's Ultra Hog".

Here's to MacNamara, his name will always smell,
He'll always be remembered down in Fighter Pilots Hell,
He frags all the targets and sends us out to die,
He sends us into combat in Republic's 105

Listen to the jungle the gruntin' and the wheeze,
As she rolls along the runway by the BAC-9 and the trees.
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as you leap off in the fog,
You're flying through the jungle in Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

THUD DRIVERS IN THE SKY

2.

TUNE: Goat riders in the sky

A 105 got airborn on a dark and windy day
And as he raised his landing gear you could hear the pilot pray:
"Keep all those buckets in the wheel and I'll be safe and sound,
Don't let that fire go out, Dear Lord, till I am on the ground."

Chorus: Yippi-o, yippi-i-a-a-a
Thud drivers in the sky.

Those flying fiends are here to stay, it's said they're very mean,
And all know we've been famous since 1917,
Though we may work on holidays, and weekends just the same,
Those pukin pups make history, Oh bless that famous name.

As our 105s take to the air, their tails are spouting flames,
The crews they all go through hell, but fly em just the same,
The crew chiefs work their asses off to keep em flyin high,
And watch with satisfaction as their plane goes screaming by.

Day and night our pilots fight to live up to their name,
Other pilots come and go, but ours fly on to fame.
They're going to fly forever in that range so very high,
They cuss and cry, "LIVE OR DIE" Thud drivers in the sky!

THE RED RIVER VALLEY

3.

Tune: Same

To the vally he said he was flying,
And he never saw the medal that he earned,
Many jocks have flown into the valley,
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission,
Tonight at the bar TEAK Flight will sing,
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley,
And today you are flying my wing.

Oh that flak is so thick in the valley,
That the Mig's and the missiles we don't need,
So fly high and down sun in the valley,
And guard well the ass of TEAK Lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley,
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton
And its fish heads and rice for TEAK laad.

We refueled on the way to the valley
In the States it had always been fun
But with thunder and lightning all around us,
T'was the last A A R for TEAK One.

When he came to a bridge in the valley,
He saw a duty that he couldn't shun
For the first to roll in on the target
Was my leader old TEAK Number One

Oh, he flew through the flak to the target
With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,
T'was fatal for another Teak Lead

So come sit by my side at the breifing
We will sit there and tickle the beads
For we're going to the Red River Valley,
And my call sign today is Teak Lead.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI

4.

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.
Please, don't put my name down.
The shooting is bad there.
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,
More milling around.
Another Brown Anchor,
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send me to Yen Bay
I don't like that much flak.
It takes too much damn gas
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me by Dong Hoi,
I don't want to get none,
Those BUF support missions,
They make my ass numb.

Just send my on milk runs,
Where there are no big guns.
I just want to fly where
It's easy on my bear.

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS

5.

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home. (sung as a dirge)

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha,
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.
One hundred missions we have flown,
One hundred bridges we have blown,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha.
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha.
From one to one hundred we did count,
But now one half or more don't count,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha.
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha.
They Said they'd give us combat pay,
And then the bastards took it away,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

We're Iron Hands from old _____, Aha, Aha.
We're Iron Hands from old _____, Aha, Aha.
We're Iron Hands from old _____,
Our hearts beat fast, we
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha.
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha.
The Weasels fly around alone,
With half a flight they head for home,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

(continued)

ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (continued)

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha.
The force rolls in amidst the flak,
One half or more won't make it back,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha.
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha.
Not many will return alive,
Who flew the bloody 105,
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the word.

HALLELUJAH (same tune)

6.

Chorus: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Here's a tanker full of gas
To save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Put your gas-hole on the boom
And you'll be saved.

I was cruising at six angels
In my foxtrot 105,
Thinking 'bout the Foo-Ying
Back in the Takhli dive,
When a sudden burst of ack-ack
Was all around the sky.
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!
My tanks are running dry!

(Chorus)

So I squawked my parrot mayday
And called up GCI,
Asking for a tanker
To keep me in the sky.
Well, The Airman-third controller
Said, "Please don't go away.
Let me call up Seventh
To see if it's okay."

(Chorus)

Then a friendly tanker pilot
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat.
I've got half a jug of coffee,
So I'm not bingo yet.
If you get a vector to me
I'll be glad to pass some gas.
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,
And don't shoot up my ass."

(Chorus)

It was really getting hairy
As I sped my old Thud south.
I could feel the cotton rising
All inside my mouth.
Then I saw the silver tanker
And gave a happy shout.
Then I saw the drogue behind,
And started punching out.

(Chorus)

The 388th's going north today
With bombs on every MER
When we cross Red River
We'll do six hundred per
The flak and SAM's will greet us
From top, bottom, and the side
And then the Mig's will tap us
To liven up our ride

(Chorus)

Three Eighty Eight, the best Air Force Wing
We're number one, so listen to us sing

We're going to hit a target
That we hit yesterday
To sharpen up their gunners
And earn our hazard pay
We're going to use the same old route
Which may to you seem strange
But that will fool their planners
Who think that we will change

(Chorus)

We're going to have to brave the SAM's
And flak that we may face
So that we can drop our bombload
On some defended place
We may not like the place we go
Or the target we will hit
But will do our very best
There is no doubt of it

(Chorus)

We're headed straight for old Hanoi
And when we get up there
We'll drop our ordered payload
Just about anywhere
On a bridge, a site, or railroad yard
Or even right downtown
To show that stupid Ho Chi Minh
That he's a stubborn clown

(Chorus)

Continued

388th (continued)

Maybe we don't turn so good
When we are way up high
But come on down into the weeds
When you want to die
We'll turn and fight and have your badge
If you want to play
Down where we are better
Than Mig's in every way

(Chorus)

When you're flying way up north
And want to stay alive
There's just one Air Force Airplane
The Thunder One-O-Five
Now if you are a doubter
Of what we have to say
You can take our glorious place
Any glorious day

(Chorus)

BEAR OF THE SKY

8.

Back seat for sale or rent
Radar sets fifty cents
He's got no landings yet
No take off will he get
Four hours on the boom in a
Cockpit with no damn room He's a
Man who flys but don't fly
Bear of the sky

He knows Every instrument every dial
He gets Occasional stick time once in a while
And every week when the weather is clear
The A/C may let him lower the gear

He rides in the rumble seat
And thinks its quite a treat
His A/C will take care
While he rides through the air
He takes up extra room he rides
Through the sonic boom He's a
Man who flys but don't fly
Bear of the sky.

THE WEASEL SONG

9 .

Tune: Titanic

Oh, we joined the weasel force,
When we finished the old course,
We thought we had a game
The missiles for to tame.
After many trips downtown
No answer had we found;
Only "Take it down, Take it down!"

CHORUS:

Take it down, way down
Take it down, way down
Down underneath that SA-2, to the bottom
After many trips downtown
No answer had we found,
Only take it down, take it down.

Off the tanker low
Into fluid four we go
Driving to the coast
We run before the force
We're about to face them all
And are waiting for the call
"Take it down, take it down."

In at 10 thou' and point 9
The signals painting fine
We pull up to hose a SHRIKE
Something they don't like.
Away the bastards roar
And upward they do soar
Time to take it down, take it down.

The sites that ring the town
Our range have finally found.
Many missiles underway,
It's time for us to play.
Roll under to the right
Red dots are now in sight.
Better take it down, take it down.

Back around again
There's flak from Gia Lam.
Up for another SHRIKE
Goes our weaving flight.
A missile bursts close by
And lower we do fly.
Down, take it down, take it down.

THE WEASEL SONG (continued)

Hang on BOBBIN 2
We've got work to do.
SHRIKES? We've shot the lot
But a site's at 10 o'clock
So down the slide we go
CBUs burst below.
Down, take it down, take it down.

Out behind the force
Down the delta to the coast.
Tanks have long gone dry
"Tanker" we do cry.
Holes in number four
It's flying like a whore.
May have to take it down, take it down.

Back home on the ground
All are safe and sound.
The weasels rest once more
Sites added to the score.
We gather around the bar
No matter what the hour.
Time to drink it down, drink it down.
(Down to the bottom of the glass, to the bottom.)

The "Be No's" fence us in
To fight the greatest sin.
"Don't do this, and don't do that"
Our leaders always blat
Weasels press on just the same,
IRON HAND is a fighting game.
Down, take it down, take it down.

WILD WEASEL

10.

TUNE: Sweet Betsy from Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

WILD WEASEL (continued)

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.
Oh, God, where's that bastard? My flight suit's turned brown.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.
There's smoke from the Sam site out there in the grass.
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called me by name.
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.
And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

POP GOES THE WEASEL

1 1.

Around and around the sam site
The missle chased the weasel,
the weasel got pissed, the Sam got zapped,
Pop goes the weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where
To roll in to displease 'em
One more pass with HEI,
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,
Did more than just tease 'em.
The Russian Techs got all pissed off,
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for Sam sites
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em
They show their ass, we shoot it off,
Pop goes the Weasel.

WHIFFENPOOF SONG

12.

To the tables down at Maury's
 To the place where Louie dwells
 To the dear old temple bar we love so well
 Sit the Wiffenpoofs assembled
 With their glasses raised on high
 And the magic of their singing casts a spell
 Yes, the magic of their singing
 Of the songs we love so well
 "Shall I Wasting" and "Mavoureen" and the rest
 We will serenade our Louie
 While life and voice shall last
 And in passing be forgotten with the rest

We are poor little jocks who have lost our way
 Baa, baa, baa
 We are little black sheep, who have gone astray
 Baa, baa, baa
 Gentlemen songsters off on a spree
 Doomed from here to eternity
 Lord have mercy on such as we
 Baa, baa, baa

UP IN THAT VALLEY

13.

Tune: Down In The Valley

Up in that valley,
 That valley so low.
 Where the Sam missles flourish,
 And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,
 The Hanoi railyard,
 The bridges at Bac Giang,
 They've played their triumph card.

The Iron Hands mill right,
 And the strike pilots flail.
 The MIG's try to bounce us,
 But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,
 "There's bandits at twelve!"
 "Launch!" screams the Weasel.
 It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'
 Right next to my hide.
 All I can hear is,
 "You're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run.
 The target's in sight.
 "Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking,
 "I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,
 What a beautiful sight.
 Oh shit! I just noticed
 An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,
 I know I'm not dead.
 Please, God, get this old Thud,
 Just out past the Red.

If I can get past
 That muddy old slough,
 The Sandys and Jollys
 Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,
 And now I can boast,
 The rest I can finish
 Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,
 Although I must say,
 I often have seen it,
 Where they've saved the day.

Up in that valley,
 That valley of grief,
 I hope all your flights there
 Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,
 So long to Takhlí.
 Don't bust your ass, buddy,
 I'm going home free.

From a hootch in Southeast Asia
To the place where aces dwell
To the bars in old Korat
We know so well

We are poor fighter jocks who
Have lost our way, help, help, help
We flew to the town of Hanoi
Today, help, help, help

See the fighter jocks assemble
With their glasses raised on high
In a toast to a comrade who just fell

Steely eyed pilots up in the blue
Lead got zapped by SA-2
Let's hawt ass or he'll get us too
AB now!!

We will throw our glasses wildly
And throw our bombs as well
Til the finks at 7th AirForce go to hell

IT'S TRAGIC

You smile your teeth fall out, your hair smells like sauerkraut
It's tragic
The bugs desert the air, and rush to nestle in your hair
It's tragic
It takes one look to know you have no charms
You're just a gab of bones with long surrounding arms
Your eyes are big and round
There's one that's blue and one that's brown
It's tragic
You part your hair in place
And it keeps sliding down your face
It's tragic
And as I tell myself
These things that happen are not really true
Yet in my heart I know the tragedy is really you

PUFF

Puff the tragic wagon
Came across the sea
Conceited turds in gooney birds
They came to kill VC

Puff the tragic wagon
At Danang by the sea
Though Rinkelman in number one
His waist is 63

The VC shook in terror
Whene're they appeared
The mini ones with mini guns
A sticking out their rear

The FC-47
Flies all afternoon
Half a day of boredom in
A silly fucking goon.

LITTLE RED LIGHT Tune: My Blue Heaven 17.

A turn to the right, a little red light, will lead you to my red haven.
You'll see a smiling face on a pillowcase, a form divine.
Just a little old whore who's been screwed before,
A thousand times.
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.
We're careful in our red haven.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS TUNE: Where Have All The Flowers Gone 18.

Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the soldiers gone?
They've all gone to Viet Nam.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?
They've all become Viet Cong.
Oh, when will we ever learn;
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the VC's gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the VC's gone?
To fix the bridges that we bomb.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the Weasels go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the Weasels go?
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the SAM sites gone?
They've been down, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time passing.
Where do all the strike flights go?
Long time ago.
Where do all the strike flights go?
'Cross the fence again, I know.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the flak sites gone?
Along the railroad, oh, so long.
Oh, when will they ever learn;
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time passing.
Where have all the old heads gone?
Long time ago.
Where have all the old heads gone?
They've gone home: their tour is done.
You see, they've finally learned;
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

WILD WEASEL TUNE: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by name.
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big game.
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;
I dodge all the missles, then go in for kills.
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear..

Some weak guns, some weak guns; they're all off at one.
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there are none.
There's a big one just looking at two o'clock now.
There's flak all around us. They're shooting, and how!
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

(continued)

WILD WEASEL (continued)

Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's at eight.

Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off straight.

A missle! A missle! Let's take it on down.

Oh God, where's that bastard: My flight suit's turned brown.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the sky.

The missle's at two, boys; now watch it sail by.

There's smoke from the SAM site out there in the grass.

Set'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his ass.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, They've called me by name.

I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the big game.

One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading for home.

And over those damn hills, I'll never more roam.

I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine bear.

TWELVE DAYS OF COMBAT TUNE: Twelve Days of Christmas 19.

On the first day of combat, the Air Force gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.

On the second day....2 rocket pods.

On the third day....3 fuel tanks.

On the fourth day....4 GAR 8's.

On the fifth day....5 thousand pounders.

On the sixth day....6seven-fiftys.

On the seventh day of combat, Ho Chi gave to me 7 SAMs singing.

On the eighth day....8 flak sites firing.

On the ninth day....9 MIG's a diving.

On the tenth day of combat, the Air Force gave to me 10 Sandys searching.

On the eleventh day....11 choppers whirling.

On the twelfth day....12 days a-waiting.

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death who lived for nothing b't to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell

Chorus:

Glory flying regulations, have them read at every station
Crucify the man that breaks them, the Air Force's gone to hell

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong
A mighty airborne legion set to right the deadly wrong
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell

I have seen them in their T-bolts, when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screaming power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
The Air Force's gone to hell

Once they flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody dying pilots gave their all to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their technique's gone to hell

The lordly flying fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany, with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty, and our planes are wet with dew
And we can't fly for hell

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings of polished steel
The purring of you Merlin was a song your heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with it's moaning groanin squeal
And it won't climb for hell

Have you ever climbed a lightening up to where the air is thin
Have you stuck her long nose downward just to hear the screaming din
Have you tried to do it lately, better not you'll auger in
And then you'll sure catch hell

The Sabre's in Korea drove the MiG's out of the sky
The pilots then were fearless men and not afraid to die
But now the regs are written, you can kiss your wings good-bye
And you won't fly for hell

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's gone to hell

(continued)

THE AIR FORCE LAMENT (continued)

We were cocky bold and happy when we played the angel's game
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled our way to fame
But now that's all verboten and we're all so goddamn tame
Our spirit's shot to hell

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of that
Or you will burn in hell

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the days of old
When pilots took their choice and I will live to be quite old
The Air Force's gone to hell

But smile awhile my pilots tho your eyes may still be wet
Someday we'll be in heaven where the rules have not been set
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and really let-
The Air Force fly like hell

Chorus 2:

Glory no more regulations, rip them down at every station
Ground the guy that tries to make one, and let us fly like hell

OH IT'S BEER BEER BEER

21.

Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the Corps, in the Corps
Oh it's beer, beer, beer
That makes you want to cheer
In the U.S. Air, U.S. Air Force

Chorus: My eyes are dim, I cannot see
I have not brought my specs with me

Whiskey - That makes you feel so friskey
Gin - That makes you want to sin
Vodka - That makes you feel you oughta
Sautern - That makes your belly burn
Vermouth - That makes you feel uncouth
Bourbon - That makes you feel like chirpin'
Wine - That makes you feel so fine
Rum - That makes you fell so dumb
Rye - That makes you feel so sly
Brandy - That makes you feel so dandy
Likker - That makes you ever sicker
Sherry - That makes you feel so hairy

Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

We turned the Red and lead said, "Push it up."
I used my burner and couldn't keep up.
I was dragging behind, it sure ain't no fun.
I said, "Leader, leader, oh please, give me one."
I'm a lousy Thud wingman and a long way from home.

Flying above us were several F-4's.
They're 'bout as useful as tits on a boar.
They brief in the air and they pull other pranks,
Like bombarding Fives with their empty drop tanks.
I'm a lousy.....

We hit Cho Moi and then turned on our run.
The gunners below uncovered their guns.
I tell you the weather up there can change fast
From clear and fifteen to a black overcast.
I'm a lousy.....

Lead passed the target before he rolled in
With 300 knots: a capital sin.
And try though I did, and I tried as I pleased,
I had 400 knots and 20 degrees.
I'm a lousy.....

I rolled in and lit a fresh cigarette.
A few puffs of flak were nothing to sweat.
A damned golden BB met up with my plane.
Hey coach, I think I will drop out of the game.
I'm a lousy.....

P-1 and P-2 fall down through the red.
I begin to fear my Thunderchief's dead.
The slab and the stick, they soon separated.
By the finger of fate, I have been mated.
I'm a lousy.....

The living at Hilton ain't very good.
I find the quarters as bad as the food.
The waiters, they give us a whole lot of lip.
But we don't have to pay, wedon't have to tip.
I'm a lousy.....

So listen, my friends, if you're flying today,
Keep it high, keep it fast, is what I say.
Keep up with your leader, but still, just the same ,
You bet your own ass, is the name of the game.
I'm a lousy.....

I've been alive

Twenty years, plus four or five,
And I've tried many a pursuit.

I went to pilot school,
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded

And like a fool I made it.

Then they made me number four,

And then they sent me off to war,
Uster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief
Is just twenty tons of grief.

The dirty sons-of-bitches
Filled it with three-hundred swit ches.
ster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

keep my bod' alive

They taught me to survive
a place nestled in the hills.

They fed my porcupine,
other goodies fine;
emnican to cure all my ills.

in three weeks I had made it.

They said I'd graduated.
I, buddy, if that's livin'
think that I'll just give in,
ter.

wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

can have your he-man training
the snow, and when it's raining.
rather be a weenie
th my tootie and martini,
er.

wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay,
But I cannot get away.

In Hanoi they all love parades.

Each day we take a walk

Through Hanoi Central Park,

Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas

Dress us all in black pajamas,

Spectators, they just sit there,

Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit there
Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105.

I'd much rather stay alive.

The lousy afterburner

Gets you north just that much sooner,
Buster.

I wanted wings

Till I got the goddamn things;
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;

Thud drivers are the best,
At flying 'n chasing women, too.

The goods they deliver
Are sure to make Ho shiver,

And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.

They lie down beneath the clover,
For they did go down in flames,

But we will not forget their names,
Buster.

They wanted wings

And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regulations

For those heaven-bound formations,
If they don't like it, well,

They can split-S down to hell

Buster.

They wanted wings

And they've truly got their wings,
And they will wear them evermore.

There's an old hollow tree down the road here from me
Where you lay down a dollar or two
Then you go round the bend and when you come back again
Your jug's full of that good old mountain dew

Chorus:

They call it that good old mountain dew
And them that refuse it are few
I'll hush up my mug if you fill up my jug
With that good old mountain dew

My brother Bill has a still on the hill-
Where he runs off a gallon or two
The birds in the sky get so drunk they can't fly
Just from smellin' that good old mountain dew

Now my uncle Mort, he is sawed off and short
Only measures bout four foot two
But he thinks he's a giant, when you give him a pint
Of that good old mountain dew

My old aunt June, brought some brand new perfume
And it had such a sweet smelling phew
But to her surprise, when she had it analyzed
It was nothing but good old mountain dew

The flak gets so thick, that it makes you feel sick
When you've been on a rail cut or two
But you'll never abort, if they'll give you a snort
Of that good old mountain dew

BLESS 'EM ALL

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet should stall
You're due for one hell of a fall
No lillys or violets for dead fighter pilots
So cheer up my lads, Bless 'em all

Bless 'em all, Bless 'em all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants
The sour puss ones
Bless all the corporals and their dopey sons
Cause we're saying good-bye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of the ocean
So while we are here, Bless 'em all

I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Jolly Bangkok on the ground
Livin' off the earnings of my high priced lady
Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress
Thursday her chemise I did see
Now, Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave my balls a twitch
But it was Sunday after supper
I rammed the old boy up her
And now she earns me fifty baht a week
I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war
I just want to hang around
Jolly Bangkok on the ground
Livin off the earnings of my high priced lady
I don't want a bullet up my asshole
Idon't want my buttocks shot away
I just want to stay in Bangkok
Jolly, jolly Bangkok
And fornicate my bloody life away.

MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY Tune: My Home in Indiana

27.

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong Harbor
And 85s start puffing round Kep Hay
You will know your targets just beyond that mountain
And you wonder if the MIGS will come to play

Oh you reach your pull up point and start your pop up
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way
You see the bridge as you start roll in
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've dropped your bombs and now you're off and running
Jinking hard you're on you merry way
And as you reach the jagged limestone ridges
You wonder if the MIGS will come to play

You've reached the coast and all the sea is friendly
The fuel is low but not too bad you say
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy
If only the MIGS don't come to play

You're climbing now and starting to rest easy
A drink of water helps you on your way
But a glint of light, a speck up high, and you know
The MIGS have fi-nal-ly come to play

Your burners in, you're diving down, you're running
But his overtake is far too much today
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of Tonkin
You wish the MIGS just hadn't come to play

"G" SUITS AND PARACHUTES Tune: Bell Bottom Trousers

Once there was a barmaid, down in brewery lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along came a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery

Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter
Like his daddy used to do

He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
She gave it to him willingly and lost her maidenhead
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climbed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm

Now in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed her, and this to her did say
"Take this my darling, for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter, and you may have a son
If you have a daughter, put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son, get the bastard in the air."

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above the knee
The barmaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus: Singing "G" suits and parachutes
And uniforms of blue
She'll never fly a fighter
Like her daddy used to do

JOLLY, JOLLY ENGLAND

29.

Oh, I don't want to be a pilot.
I don't want to go to war.
Just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
Monday I touched her on the ankle,
Tuesday I touched her on the knee,
Wednesday success; I lifted up her dress,
Thursday her chemise I did see
Now, Friday I put my hand upon it
Saturday she gave me balls a tweak, tweak, tweak
It Sunday after supper I shoved the old boy up'er
And now she earns me seven and six a week, Gor'Blimey!
I don't want to be a pilot
I don't want to go to war.
I just want to hang around Piccadilly on the ground
Livin' off the earnings of me high born lady.
I don't want a bullet up me arse 'ole,
I just want to stay in England, in Jolly Jolly England,
And play the rest of me bloody life away.

AND I LEARNED ABOUT FLYING FROM HIM

Tune: I Learned about Women from Her

I've handled the stick and the rudder
 I've flown quite a lot in my time
 I've had my share of instructors
 And some of the bunch were fine
 A bowlegged fellow from Princeton
 And one that was trained at Cornell
 And a fellow from Brooks, but they gave him the hooks
 And the Shave tail that gave me hell

The fellow from Princeton was steady
 He taught me to takeoff and land
 He'd set her down on three points
 And loop her to beat the band
 But when I went up for a solo
 The Jennie was steady and trim
 Well, I landed that ship, but I busted my hip
 And I learned about flying from him

The man from Cornell was a bad one
 A son-of-a-gun I will say
 The dirty tail-spin he gave me
 Will last for many a day
 I donated a lunch to the cockpit
 But he dived and he spun her again
 He gave me a howl when I ducked for the cowl
 And I learned about flying from him

The fellow from Brooks used the Gosport
 And he talked through a long rubber tube~
 All that I heard was his swearing
 He spotted me for a boob
 I'll never forget one bad tailspin
 He yelled, kick the rudder you simp
 But I didn't kick, I just wiggled the stick
 And I learned about flying from him

At last I came to formation
 And took a fast ship from the line
 I made the first turn a humming
 And brought her back upright just fine
 I sped up the ship without thinking
 And hit number two in the wing
 And---when I got well, the CO gave me hell
 And I learned about flying from him

I've handled the stick and the rudder
 I've flown quite a lot in my time
 I've had my share of instructors
 And some of the bunch were fine
 But take some straight dope from a flyer
 And go to the Navy at sea
 For the ships they have there can land anywhere
 And learn about flying from me

Come on and join the Air Force, we're a happy band they say
We never do a lick of work, just fly around all day
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind
We'll take to the air without a care, and you will never mind

Chorus:

You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Oh, come and join the Air Force and you will never mind

Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Air Force flyer
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine coughs, the wings fall off, and you will never mind

And when you loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about two minutes more another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his angels sweet, but you will never mind

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine quit
You see your prop come to a stop, the goddamn engine's quit
The ship won't float, you cannot swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

I fly up to the yalu, in my F-36
And here's one thing that you can send to Congress in you TWX
I've only got one engine, Jack, and if that bastard quits
It will be up there all by itself, cause I will shit and get

Oh, someday you'll meet a MIG-15, He'll shoot you down in flames
No use in belly aching and calling the bastard names
You'll lose your wings, don't worry Mac, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet and you will never mind

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force lads, and we don't give a damn
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we will never mind

Now we're the operations bunch, and we don't give a damn
About those paper shufflin types with heads just like a ham
We want a hundred planes or so all ready on the line
And they can pad those swivel chairs and we will never mind

Oh, come and get your brassy rank as high as you desire
You're riding on a gravy train when you're in the admin mire
The ones and fours have room for more, or so they always find
With noses in place, we don't mean on the face, you will never mind.

THE OTHERS WENT FLYING

32.

The unit went flying
One dark and windy day
And as they taxied by
I heard Commander say:
I see my boys are flying
And I feel so God Damn proud
The unit will penetrate a cloud

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

33.

Parties make the world go around
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
So let's have a party

We're going to tear down the bar in our club	Boo
We're gonnabuild a NEW bar	Ray
It's only gonna be a foot wide	Boo
But it'll be a MILD long	Ray
There'll be no bartenders in our bar	Boo
We're gonna have BARMAIDS	Ray
Our barmaids will wear long dresses	Boo
Made of CELLOPHANE	Ray
You can't take our barmaids home	Boo
They'll take YOU home	Ray
You can't sleep with our barmaids	Boo
They won't LET you sleep	Ray
Beer's gonna be 50¢ a glass	Boo
Whiskey FREE	Ray
Only one to a customer	Boo
Served in BUCKETS	Ray
We're gonna throw all the beer in the river	Boo
Then we'll all go swimming	Ray
No girls allowed above the first floor	Boo
With their CLOTHES ON	Ray
There'll be no loving on the dance floor	Boo
And no dancing on the LOVING floor	Ray

Parties make the world go round
World go round, world go round
Parties make the world go round
SO LET'S HAVE A PARTY

B-52 TAKE-OFF

34.

Hand in the throttles, All eight of them
Release the brakes, All sixteen of them
Off we go into the wild blue yonder.....CRASH!!!!

Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern
Three jolly pilots, sat in an English tavern
And they decided that, and they decided that
And they decided that: They'd have another flagon.

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth run over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth run over
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY!!!!

Here's to the jock who drinks light ale
and goes to bed quite sober
Here's to the jock who drinks light ale
and goes to bed quite sober
He fades as the lilly fades,
He fades as the lilly fades,
He fades as the lilly fades,
He'll die before October

Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
Here's to the jock who drinks stout ale
and goes to bed quite mellow
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He lives as he ought to live
He'll die a jolly good fellow

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and runs to tell her mother
She's a foolish, foolish thing
She's a foolish, foolish thing
She's a foolish, foolish thing
For she'll not get another.....PITY!!!

Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another
Here's to the maid who steals a kiss
and stays to steal another
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
She's a boon to all mankind
For she'll soon be a mother

Oh, landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth flow over
Landlord fill the flowing bowl
until it doth flow over
For tonight we'll merry be
For tonight we'll merry be
Tomorrow we'll be sober.....PITY

My father makes rum in the bathtub
My mother makes two kinds of gin
My sister makes love for a living
My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in, rolls in
Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary
He saves little girlies from sin
He'll save you a blonde for five dollars
My God how the money rolls

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards
My auntie she poses for him
Her costume cost nary a penny
My God how the money rolls in

I tried making all kinds of whiskey
I tried making all kinds of gin
I tried making love for a living
My God the condition I'm in

Chorus:

Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God the condition I'm in, I'm in
Sin, sin, sin, sin, my God how the money rolls in

My father he died in the bathtub
My mother she died in the gin
My sister she married by brother
MY GOD WHAT A MESS I'M IN

BALL OF YARN

Twas a sunny day in June all the flowers were in bloom
The birds were singing gaily on the farm
When I spied a maiden fair and I said unto her there
Let me wind up your little ball of yarn

She said sir can't you see you're a stranger to me
But follow me out behind the barn
There's a shady little nook beside the babbling brook
Where you can wind up my little ball of yarn

Now young man take my advice never stay out late at night
And you'll never lose your cherry or your charm
Be like the bluebird and the robin keep your little P from bobbin'
And you'll never wind up that little ball of yarn

#38, 3a. miss'g

NICKEL ON THE GRASS

Chorus: Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
Save a fighter pilot's ass.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah
Throw a nickel on the grass
And you'll be saved.

Lying in the gutter
With a belly full of beer
Pretzles in my whiskers
I knew the end was near
Then came this glorious AirForce
To save me from the hearse
Everybody bust a gut
and sing the second verse

Cruising down the Mekong
Doing 650 per
When I called my leader
"Oh, won't you save me Sir?"
Two flak holes in my wing
My tanks ain't got no gas
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday
I got six MIGs on my ass!!!!

I went into my bomb run
I went too God Damn low
I punched the pickle button
Let all those babies go
I sucked the stick back in my gut
And hit a high speed stall
Now I won't see mother
When the work's all done this fall

40.

I barrelled in for CBUs
I judged it far too slow
The God Damn flak was all around
I heard a thump below
I shoved the throttle to the wall
The fire light came on
I cursed and swore, it helped no more
Scratch one Republic bomb

I flew my traffic pattern
To me it looked allright
My airspeed read 180
My God I racked it tight
The airframe gave a shudder
The engine gave a wheeze
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday
Spin instructions please

I flew my cross-wind landing
My left wing hit the ground
I heard a call from mobile
"Pull up and go around"
I yanked that fighter in the air
A dozen feet or more
The engine quit, I almost shit
The gear came through the floor.

I LOVE MY GIRL

I love my girl yes I do deed I do
I love her truly
I love the hole that she pisses through
I love her tits tiddly tits tiddly tits
And her nut brown ass hole
I'd eat her shit gobble gobble slurp slurp
with a wooden spoon

41.

Oh if all little girls were like fish in the ocean
And I were a whale I would teach them emotion

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll your leg over
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in the tower
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in the river
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep in the pasture
And I were a ram I'm make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little white rabbits
And I were a hare I would teach them bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little red vixens
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy Lamarr
I'd try twice has hard and get twice as far

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in the clover
And I were a bull I would chase them all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little white flowers
And I was a bee I would buzz them for hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little white chickens
And I was a rooster I'd give them the dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little old turtles
And I was a turtle I'd get in their girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy Rose Lee
And I were her G-string oh boy what I'd see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses who would
And I were a doctor I would if I could

Oh, if all little girls were like bricks in a pile
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish in a pool
And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

WOODPECKERS SONG

Tune: Dixie

43.

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take it out, take it out, take it out, remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it

I replaced my finger in the woodpeckers hole
The wood pecker said God bless My soul
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
In and out, in and out, in and out, reciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out, retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpeckers hole
And the woodpecker said God bless my soul
Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell, revolting

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

44.

Show me the way to go home
I'm tired and I want to go to bed
I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head
Wherever I may roam
On land or sea or foam
You will always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home

Indicate the way to my abode
I'm fatigued and I want to retire
I had a spot of beverage sixty minutes ago
And it went right to my cerebeelum
Wherever I may perambulate
On land or sea or atmospheric vapor
You can always hear me crooning this melody
Indicate the way to my abode

Prelude: There was a ball a bloody great ball, the ball of Korrerie Muir
Four and twenty prostitutes shaggin on the moor

Oh the king was in his counting house, counting out his wealth
The queen was in the bedroom, playing with herself

Chorus: Singing I'll do ye this time, I'll dee it noo
The mon that did it last night, could na do it noo

Oh the bride was in the bedroom, explaining to the groom
The vagina not the rectum, is the entrance to the womb

Oh the parsons wife she was there, seated down in front
A wreath of roses round her neck, a carrot up her cunt

Oh the village parson he was there, and very surprised to see
Four and twenty maidenheads hanging from a tree

Oh the parson's daughter she was there; she had them all in fits
Diving off the mantelpiece, and landing on her tits

They were fucking in the haylofts, fucking in the oats
Some were fucking sheep and some were fucking goats

They were fucking in the barley, fucking in the ricks
You couldn't hear the music for the slushing of the pricks

Oh the village blacksmith, he was there, his hammer and his awls
Talking to the queen and showing off his balls

They were fucking in the parlors, fucking on the stairs
You couldn't see the carpets for the come and curly hairs

The village idiot he was there, a making like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head and whistling through his tool

Plowman Jock he was there, the bugger wouldn't dance
Sitting with a hard on, and waiting for his chance

The firey Colonel he was there, he'd fit amongst the Boers
He jumped upon the table and shouted for the whores

The village cripple he was there, he couldna do ver much
So he laid them on the carpet, and he fucked them with his crutch

The chimney sweep and he was there, we had to put him oot
For every time he farted, he filled the room with soot

The village postman he was there, he had a dose of pox
He couldna fuck his lassie so he fucked the letter box

And when the ball was over, and the folks went home to rest
They said they enjoyed the music, but the fucking was the best

Down our street, we had a merry party
Everybody there was oh so gay and hearty
Talk about a treat, we ate all the meat
And we drank all the beer
In the boozer down the street

There was old Uncle Joe, fair fucked up
We locked him in the cellar with the old bull pup
Little sonny Jim, tried to get it in
With his ass hole winking at the moon

Oh Salome, Salome
You should see Salome
Standing there, with her ass all bare
Waiting for someone to slide it in there
To slide it, and glide it
Right up her fucking chute
Two brass balls and a prick of steel
And a foreskin, full of shit

She's a big fat cow, twice the size of me
Hairs on her belly like the branches of a tree
She can jump, fight, fuck
Wheel a barrow, push a truck
That's my girl, Salome

On Monday night, she takes it up the back
On Tuesday night, she takes in all the slack
On Wednesday night, she has a spell
On Thursday night, she fucks like hell
On Friday night, she takes it up her nose
In between her fingers and down between her toes
And she goes to church on Sunday
She just wants me for a sunbeam
And a Fucking fine sunbeam I'll be.

ASS HOLES ARE CHEAP TODAY

Ass holes are cheap today
Cheaper than yesterday
Little boys cost half a crown
Standing up or lying down
Larger boys cost seven and six
Cause they take bigger pricks
Ass holes are cheap
Are cheap today

O'REILLEY'S DAUGHTER

48.

As I was sitting at O'Reilley's bar
Listening to tales of blood and slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilley's daughter

Chorus: Fiddley-I-E Fiddley-I-O
Fiddley-I-E for the one ball Reilley
Rubby dub dub jig balls and all
Rubby dub dub shag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the hair
Then I threw my left leg over
Shagged and shagged and shagged some more
Shagged and shagged til the fun was over

There came a knock upon my door.
Who should it be but her God-damn father
Two horse pistols by his side
Looking for the man who shagged his daughter

I grabbed that bastard by the hair
Shoved his head in a pail of water
Shoved those pistols up his ass
A damn sight farther than I shagged his daughter

Now as I go walking down the street
People shout from every corner
There goes the dirty son-of-a-bitch
The one who shagged O'Reilley's daughter.

CHARLIE WENT A-RUNNING

49.

Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh
Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care uh huh
Charlie won't fight 'n' I don't care
I think he's running off somewhere, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh
He sneaked up to my front door, uh huh
He sneaked up to my front door
He didn't knock he left a claymore, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Old Charlie's got some mortar shells, uh huh
Old Charlie's got some mortar shells uh huh
Old Charlie's got some mortar shells
I hope he blows himself to hell, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

Charlie's living underground, uh huh
Charlie's living underground, uh huh
Charlie's living underground
When the monsoon comes I hope he drowns, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh.

I'd rather be a pimple on a syphilitic whore
Than a back seat driver on an old F-4

CHORUS: Don't put me in an F-4c, 4c
Don't put me in an F-4c

I'd rather be a hair on a swollen womb
than be a pilot of an old phan-tomb

I'd rather be a pimple on a dirty cock
Than to be a F-4 jock

I'd rather be a bloody scab
than to fly a plane with a bent up slab

I'd rather be a rotten bum
Than to fly a plane without a gun

I'd rather be a piss in a bottle
than to fly a plane with more than one throttle

I'd rather be a peckerless man
than to fly a bent up garbage can

I'd rather be most anything
than to fly a plane with a folding wing

I'd rather give up all my cheaten' ,
than to fly a plane with a rotten beacon

How much lower can you stoop
than to want to fly a droop

WE don't know they stay alive
flying something heavier than a 105

Just remember you phantom flier
you have twice the chance for fire

We got one engine, you got two,
as a word of parting, ----- you.

OH RIP THE FEATHERS AWAY

OH rip the feathers away away
OH rip the feathers away
OH the ass of a duck
Makes a wonderful fuck
If you rip the feathers away

THE CANDLE SONG

52.

All the nice girls love a candle
 Cause a candle has a wick
 And there's something about a candle
 That reminds them of a prick
 Nice and greasy, slips in easy
 It's the maidens' pride and joy
 You can hear them sing and shout
 As they pop it in and out
 Ship Ahoy! Ship Ahoy!

FORTY FIGHTERS

53.

We fly our fucking fighters at forty fucking feet
 We fly our fucking fighters through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying south
 We're flying fucking north
 And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory, Halleluia, Glory, Glory, Halleluia
 Glory, Glory, Halleluia, (Insert last line each verse)

We fly those fucking fighters at fuck all of forty feet
 We fly those fucking fighters through the trees and corn and wheat
 And though we think we fly with skill
 We fly with fucking luck
 But don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking fighters at forty fucking feet
 We fly those fucking fighters through the rain and snow and sleet
 And though we think we're flying up
 We're flying fucking down
 And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

KATHUSELEM

54.

In ancient days there lived a maid
 Who used to ply a filthy trade
 A prostitute of ill repute
 The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus: Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of Jeruselem
 Hi Ho Kathuselem the daughter of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's snatch was bold and bare
 Upon her gash there grew no hair
 For hair won't grow on a thoroughfare
 Like the snatch of old Kathuselem

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red
 For forty years it had not bled
 It smelled as though it had been dead
 Since the founding of Jeruselem

(Continued)

KATHUSELEM (Continued)

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch
A god damn fucking son of a bitch
And every pecker that had the itch
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a giant tall
His prick of steel could smash a wall
His balls hung down like basketballs
The giant of old Jeruselom

One night returning from a spree
A quite consisteat jubilee
His balls hung well below his knee
He chanced to cross Kathuselem

And so he challenged her to fuck
And wishing her the best of luck
He led her to a shady nook
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady rock
And there unfurled his mighty hook
For forty yards it thrashed and shrank
The walls of old Jeruselom

Then he unrolled his mighty hook
He unrolled his mighty hook
From off his chin down to his feet
And paid off all discretion

Now in her she knew her art
She cocked her ass, and in a fact
She blew him like a heavy dart
Through the walls of old Jeruselom

And where he lay a broken man
His cock all bent, with pain and groans
The Kathuselem got the word around her ass
All over the city of Jeruselom

THE END

The crew they all ride in the navy
The captain he gives in the gage
It don't go a darn bit faster
But it makes the old buntin' feel like

Chorus: Gimme some' body, torally, torally A
Torally Torally A
It don't go a darn bit faster
But it makes the old buntin' feel like

The sexual life of a camel
 Is greater than anyone thinks
 In moments of amorous passion
 He often makes love to the Sphinx

Now the Sphinx's posterior organs
 Are blocked by the sands of the Nile
 Which accounts for the hump on the camel
 And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile

Exhaustive experimentation
 By Darwin and Huxley and Hall
 Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog
 Can hardly be buggered at all

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard
 Do like the boys down at Yale
 They pull all the quills from the hedgehog
 So it's easy to grab by the tail

Here's to the girls of North Adams
 And here's to the streets that they roam
 And here's to their dirty face bastards
 God bless them they may be our own
 Here's to old fort Massachusetts
 And here's to the old Mohawk trail
 And here's to those Indian maidens
 They gave us our first piece of tail

POOR BUT HONEST

56.

Oh she was poor but she was honest
 The victim of a rich man's whim
 When she met that southern gentleman--Leo Daniels
 And she had a child by him
 Now he sits in the governor's mansion
 Making laws for all mankind
 While she walks the streets of Austin--Austin, Texas
 Selling chunks of her behind

It's the rich what gets the glory
 It's the poor what gets the blame
 It's the same the whole world over--Over,
 Now ain't that a goddamn shame

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT

57.

When this base opened and all things were new,
 The jocks had a need for somebody to screw,
 When up jumped this girl and said, "For five baht,
 I'm Chum Chim the whore; I'm shit hot from Korat."

(Continued)

SHIT HOT FROM KORAT (Continued)

Chorus: It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the jocks screwed a lot
It was Chum Chim the whore from Korat
Chum Chim the whore from Korat that's shit shit hot

Standing or sitting she's good any way,
That's what the jocks from Korat always say,
They can't understand why her crotch doesn't rot
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

A very young jock who first opened her box
Became her pimp and later got shot,
But still couldn't tie the marital knot.
To Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She's good in a hammock; she's better in bed
That's what the jocks from Nadena have said,
Some left their wives, believe it or not,
For Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She was a jewel to the pilots from TAC,
When they had the honor to lay in her rack,
They'll always remember that little Thai twat of
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

With F-4 crews she never had trouble,
Once she had learned to take them on double,
Though it was daylight it bothered her not
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

When she met the Weasels she sure had the knack,
One in the front and the other in back,
She liked this arrangement as it doubled her Baht,
Chum Chim the whore that's shit hot from Korat

Chorus:

She's sweeter than candy and nicer than spice
All jocks agree she's especially nice,
They all idolize this girl they adore,
This hard fuckin', cock suckin', lesbian whore

There was a young man from Boston
Who traded his car for an Austin
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas
But his balls hung out and he lost 'em

Chorus: That was a very fine song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one
Sing us another one, do

There was a young man from Dundee
Who buggered an ape in a tree
The result was most horrid, all ass and no forehead
Three balls and a purple goatee

There was a young man from Kildair
Who buggered his girl on the stairs
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke
And finished her off in mid air

There was a young queer from Khartoum
Who took a young lesbian to his room
They argued all night, as to who had the right
To do what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall
Who possessed a cylindrical ball
The cube root of it's weight, plus his penis, plus eight
Was one half of two thirds of fuck all

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her entire
Front page, sports section and all

There was a young lady from Wheeling
Who had a peculiar feeling
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack
And pissed all over the ceiling

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose dick was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin
If my ear were a cunt I would fuck it

There once was a young man fro Kent
Whose dick was so long that it bent
To save himself trouble, he put it in double
And instead of coming, he went

There once was a man of class
Whose balls were made of brass
When they swung together, they played stormy weather
And lightning shot out of his ass

(continued)

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

There once was a girl from France
Who boarded a train by chance
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor
And the brakeman went off in his pants

There once was a man from Bombay
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into brick
And rubbed all his foreskin away

There once was a girl named Gail
Between her tits was the price of her tail
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind
Was the same information in braille

There was a young bishop from Birmingham
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em
He brought them indoors, slipped down their drawers
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Brock
Who tied a violin string to his cock
With just one erection, he could play a selection
From Johann Sebastian Bach

There was a young lady from Ransom
Who had it three times in a hansom
When she cried for more, a voice from the floor
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson

There was a young man from Sparta
Who was the world's champion farter
On the strength of one bean, he played God Save the Queen
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata

There once was a man from Rangoon
Who was born by the light of the moon
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon

There once was a boy from Baclaridge
And he was his parents' disparage
He sucked off his brother, and went down on his mother
And ate up his sister's miscarriage

There once was a pilot from K-2
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu
He said to the Doc, as he handed him his cock
Will I lose both my testicles too

There once was a man from Trieste
Who loved his wife with a zest
Despite all her howls, he sucked out her bowels
And deposited the mess on her breast

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

In the garden of Eden sat Adam
With his hand on the butt of his madam
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on this earth
There were only two balls and he had 'em

There was an old hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead whore in his cave
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit
But think of the money I save

There once was a girl named Alice
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallus
They found her vagina, in South Carolina
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno
Said fucking is one thing I do know
All women are fine, and sheep are divine
But llamas are numero uno

There was a young man from New Brighton
Who said my dear you've a tight one
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong hole
It's the one up in front that's the right one

There was a man from St James
Who played most unusual games
He lit a match, to his grandmothers snatch
And laughed as she pissed through the flames

There once was a man named McGruder
Who wooed a nude in Bermuder
Now the nude thought it crude, to be wooed in the nude
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the measure
But for cheese he found underneath

There was a young man from Nottingham
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham
Just watching the cunts, of the cunts and the punts
And the tricks of the pricks that were fuckingham

There once was a girl from the Azores
Whose cunt was all covered with sores
The dogs in the street, would not eat the green meat
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There was a young girl from Peru
Who said as the Bishop withdrew
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a licker
And considerably thicker than you

~~There was a~~ ~~priest~~ priest from Dundee
~~This went in~~ ~~the~~ ~~to pee~~
Hail Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I've got C L A P

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (continued)

There was a young priest from Dundee
Who went to the garden to pee
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the piss come
I guess I've got C L A P

There was a young girl named Myrtle
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle
The results of the fuck, was two eggs and a duck
Which proved that the turtle was fertile

There was a young lady from Twilling
Who went to the dentist for a drilling
But because of depravity, he filled the wrong cavity
And now she's nursing her filling

The lady of the mansion was dressing for a ball
When she spied a tinker, pissing up against the wall

Chorus:

With his great big kidney wiper and balls a big as three
And a yard and a half of foreskin hanging down below his knee.

The lady wrote a letter and in it she did say,
I'd rather be fucked by the tinker than my husnand any day

Oh the tinker got the letter and when it he did read
His balls slung o'er his shoulder and his penis by his side

Oh, he rode up to the mansion, he rode up to the hall
Gor Blyme said the butler, he has come to fuck us all

Oh, he fucked them in the parlor, he fucked them in the beds,
Lord save us, cried the chambermaids, we've lost our maidenheads

Oh, he fucked the Duchess standing, he fucked her against the wall
But when he fucked the butler twas the dirtiest trick of all

Oh, he rode out from the mansion, he rode into the street
With little drops of semen pattering at his feet

Oh, the tinkers dead and buried, I'll bet he's gone to hell
He said he'd fuck the devil and I'll bet he's done well.

BESIDE A KOREAN WATERFALL

Beside a Korean waterfall, one bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Saber jet, a young pursuiter lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree, he was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words this young pursuiter said

I'm going to a better land where everything is bright
Where whiskey flows from telephone poles
Play poker every night
We haven't got a thing to do but sit around and sing
And all our crews are women, oh death where is thy sting?

Oh death where is thy sting, ting-a-ling
Oh death where is thy sting
The bells of hell may ring, ting-a-ling
For you but not for me

Oh, ting-a-ling-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by.

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a penny
She said boy you can't have any

Chorus: Come and tie my root around a tree, round a tree
Come and tie my root around a tree

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a nickel
She said for that you don't even get a tickle

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a dime
She said young man you're wasting your time

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter
She said young man I'm a preachers daughter

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a half
She said young man you make me laugh

Reached in my pocket, pulled out six bits
All she did was wiggle her tits

Reached in my pocket, pulled out a buck
She said young man you've bought a fuck

Took her to the kitchen, laid her on the sink
Oh my God how her pussy did stink

Fucked her sittin', fucked her lyin'
If I'd had wings I'd a fucked her flying

I awoke in the morning, and guess what I saw
Fifteen crabs and a big blue ball

I went to a doctor, cause my pecker was sore
My God said the doctor you've been taken by a whore

And now you can see, I'm a peckerless man
I fuck 'em with my finger and fool 'em when I can

Now the last time I saw her, and I haven't seen her since
She was jacking off a doggie through a barbed wire fence

THE LITTLE BIRD

There once was a little bird, no bigger than a turd
A sittin' on a telegraph pole
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a peck
As he puckered up his little asshole
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,
As he puckered up his little asshole.

DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW Tune: March of the Toy Soldiers 63.

Do your balls hang low, do they swing to and fro
Can you tie them in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow
Can you throw them o'er your shoulder like a European soldier
Do your balls hang low

In days of old when knights were bold,
They shit right in their britches
They wiped their ass with broken glass
Those tough old sons-of-bitches.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women wore mere trifles
They hung their balls upon the walls,
And shot them down with rifles.

In days of old when knights were bold,
And women weren't particular.
They binded them up against the wall,
And fucked them perpendicular.

In days of old when knights were bold,
They wore all leather britches.
They beat their pricks with hickory sticks
And yelled like sons-of-bitches.

FALSIES IN BRASSIERES Tune: Coffee in Brazil

64.

There's nothing can be better than a girl that wears a sweater
Though she may not be as big as she appears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

Her pulmonary muscles may resemble Janie Russells
And she'll say she got that way from drinking beers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So round---so firm---and so fully packed
You'll find it's really just an act
Give a girl a Bali bra and she will grow--grow--grow

Now I've made a careful study with the help of my best buddy
And a hundred thousand women volunteers
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres

So fellows 'fore you wed her, please investigate her sweater
Or you'll find your honeymoon will end in tears
They've got an awful lot of falsies in brassieres.

THE LADY IN RED

65.

'Twas a cold winter's evening, the guests were all leaving
 O'Leary was closing the bar
 When he turned and he waid to the lady in red
 "Get out, you can't stay where you are"
 She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer
 As she thought of the cold night ahead
 When a gentleman dapper stepped out of the crapper
 And these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her
 The things a young girl should know
 About the ways of Air Force men
 And how they come and go, mostly go.....
 New age has taken her beauty
 And sin has left its sad scar
 So remember your mothers and sisters, boys
 And let her sleep under the bar.

SPANISH GUITAR

66.

Oh the first port of call it was Nellis, Nellis
 Where the girls wouldn't screw so they tell us, tell us

Chorus: Three dollars you pay for a bang up each way
 And a tune on a Spanish guitar, plink, plink, plink
 Singing Bi-ziggy-ziggy fuck a little piggy sideways
 Swish smash
 My idea of a woman is a big fat whore
 Shit-bang, fuck-stick
 Three dollars you pay for a bang up each way
 And a tune on a Spanish Guitar

Oh the next port of call it was Travis, Travis
Where we told the girls they could have us, have us
 Oh the next port of call it was Clark, Clark
 Where the women went down in the park, park

Oh the next port of call it was Osan, Osan
 Where the girl they would do it for two won, two won

Oh the next port of call it was Korat Korat
 Where the girls let us have it for two bhat, two bhat

Oh the next port of call it was Takhli, Takhli
 Where the girlies would do it for free, for free.

OUR BABY

67.

Our baby died last night,
 She died of suicide
 I think she died to spite us
 Of spinal meningitis,
 She was a nasty baby anyhow,
 We ate her---YUM YUM!!!

There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
There was a pilot of great renown
Until he fucked a girl from our town--
 Fucked a girl from our town--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her in a feather bed
He laid her in a feather bed
He laid her in a feather bed
And then he twisted out her maidenhead
Twisted out her maidenhead--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
He laid her on a winding stair
And-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--
Shoved it in clear up to there--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
He laid her down beside a stump
And-then-he missed her cunt and split the stump--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a pond
He laid her down beside a pond
He laid her down beside a pond
And-then-he fucked her with his magic wand
 Fucked her with his magic wand--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
He laid her on the dewey grass
And-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass
 Shoved the old boy up her ass--
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the countryside
He took her to the countryside
He took her to the countryside
And-then-he fucked the girl until she died
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the Burial Ground
He took her to the Burial Ground
He took her to the Burial Ground
And-then-he thought he'd have another round
 Thought he'd have another round
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, ----- Horse Shit, Horse Shit

Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, Fuck'em all
Oh, my name is Sammy Small, and I've only got one ball
But that's better than none at all, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I killed a man dead, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I killed a man dead, with a fucking piece of lead
Now the silly fucker's dead, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I've got to swing, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I've got to swing, from a fucking piece of string
What a silly fucking thing, so fuck them all

Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, fuck'em all
Oh, they say I greased the rope, from a fucking bar of soap
What a silly fucking joke, so fuck them all

Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all
Oh, the parson he will come, fuck'em all
Oh, the parson he will come, with his tales of kingdom come
He can shove them up his bung, so fuck them all

Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, fuck'em all
Oh, the hangman wears a mask, for his silly fucking task
What a silly fucking ass, so fuck them all

Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, fuck'em all
Oh, the sheriff will be there too, with his silly fucking crew
They have fuck all else to do, so fuck them all

I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all
I see Molly in the crowd, fuck'em all
I see Molly in the crowd, and I feel so fucking proud
That I'm shouting right out loud:

OH, FUCK'EM ALL

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck'em all
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots, Fuck'em all
Oh we fly the God Damn plane
Through the flack and through the rain
And tomorrow we'll do it again
So fuck'em all

Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck'em all
Oh they tell us not to think, Fuck'em all
Oh they tell us not to think, Just to dive and just to jink
L.B.J.'s a God Damn fink, So fuck'em all

Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Fuck'em all
Oh we bombed Mugia Pass, Though we only made one pass
They really stuck it up our ass, So fuck'em all

Oh we're on a J.C.S., Fuck'em all
Oh we're on a J.C.S., Fuck'em all
Oh they sent the whole damn wing, Probably half of us will sing
What a silly fucking thing, So fuck'em all

Oh we lost our fucking way, Fuck'em all
Oh we lost our fucking way, Fuck'em all
Oh we strafed God Damn Hanoi, Killed every fucking girl and boy
What a God Damn fucking joy, So fuck'em all

Oh my bird got all shot up, Fuck'em all
Oh my bird got all shot up, Fuck'em all
Oh my bird it did get shot, And I'll probably cry a lot
But I think that it's Shit Hot, So fuck'em all

While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute, Fuck'em all
While I'm swinging in my chute, Comes this silly fucking toot
And hangs a medal on my root, So fuck'em all

TING-A-LING

71.

Beside a Thailand waterfall
One bright and sunny day
Beside his shattered Thunderchief
A young pursuitor lay
His parachute hung from a nearby tree
He was not yet quite dead
So listen to the very last words
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land
Where everything is right
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles
There's poker every night
There's not a fucking thing to do
But sit around and sing
Where girls are really women
Oh, death where is thy sting

Oh, death where is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling
Oh, death where is thy sting
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling
For you but not for me.....so;

Ting-a-ling-a-ling- ling blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out your ass
Better days are coming by and by!

WE ALL MAY BE DEAD TOMORROW

72.

We all may be dead tomorrow
No one gives a shit but our wives
So, lets drink and get royally plastered
And enjoy what we can of our lives.

STAY WITH GOD Tune: Dashing Through the Snow

73.

The game was played on Sunday in Heaven's own backyard
With Jesus playing quarterback and Moses playing guard
The angels in the bleachers my God how they did yell
When Jesus made a touchdown against the boys from hell

Chorus: Tune: 'Oh, Them Golden Slippers'
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, stay with God, Oh Lordy
Jesus on the one yard line, Moses doin' very fine
Stay with God, Oh Lordy, stay with God, Oh Lordy
Rock'em, sock'em, Jesus Knock'em stay with God.

I SAW HER SNATCH

74.

I saw her "snatch" her satchel from the window
I held her for a moment in the rain
I kissed her "as" she hurried to the station
To see her brother "Jack off" on the train.

MARY ANN BURNS

75.

Mary Ann Burns is the queen of all the acrobats
She can do tricks that will give a man the shits
Roll green peas up her fundamental orifice
Do a double back flip, catch'em on her tits
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice the size of me
With hair around her ass like the branches on a tree
She can SHIT, FART, FIGHT, FUCK, ROLL A BARREL, DRIVE A TRUCK
Mary Ann Burns is the girl for me.

NO BALLS AT ALL

76.

There once was a girl named Sara McFox
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box
She married a man named Patrick McCall
With a very short peter and no balls at all

Chrous: No balls at all
No balls at all
A very short peter and no balls at all

The very first night that they were wed
They took all their clothes and went straight to bed
She reached for his pecker, it was very small
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?
I've married a man who never can screw
I reached for his pecker, it was very small
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear, daughter don't be sad
It was the same trouble I had with your dad
The daughter went home, took her mothers advice
And found the results most exceedingly nice
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall
To the wife of a man who had no balls at all.

NELLY DARLING

77.

Oh your ass is like a stovepipe Nelly Darling
And the nipples on your tits are turning green
There's an odor of blue ointment round your pussy
You are the ugliest bitch that I have ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel
And when you piss you piss a stream as green as grass
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle
So kindly make one dear and shove it up your ass

THE BALLS OF O'LEARY

Tune: The Bells of St. Mary

78.

The Balls of O'Leary
Are wrinkled and hairy
They're shapely and stately
Like the Dome of St. Paul
The women all muster
To see that great cluster
They stand and they stare
At that hairy great pair
Of O'Leary's Balls

LAST NIGHT

Tune; Finicule-Finecula

79.

Last night I stayed up late to masturbate
It felt so good---I knew it would
Last night I stayed up late to beat my meat
It felt so nice---Idid it twice

You should really see me on the short strokes;
It feels so grand, I use my hand
You must really catch me on the long strokes
It feels so next, I use my feet

Shake it, break it, beat it on the floor.
Smash it, bash it, thrust it through the door
Some people seem to think that fucking's grand
But for all around enjoyment I prefer to use my hand.

SIXTEEN TIMES

Tune: Sixteen Tons

80.

Some people say a man is made out of fear,
But a fighter pilot's made out of whiskey and beer
Whiskey and beer, rum and gin,
If you fly the vector you're sure to spin in.

Chorus:

You fly sixteen times, whatd' you get,
Another day older and your weapon is bent.
Col. _____ don't you call me, I'm weak and lame
I lost my ass in a poker game.

I awoke one morning when the sun didn't shine,
Got my 'chute and went down to the line
Down to the line to fly the "d"
But it was raining so hard I couldn't see.

I scrambled one morning with blood in my eye,
I'd had my fill of Overholt Rye
Shot sixteen holes in a T33
They're going to hang my ass from a coconut tree.

When you see me comin' better break to the right
'Cause the _____ Fighter's had a party last night
My eyeballs are red an' I'm mean as a bear,
Believe me bandits better clear the air.

There once was a maiden named Adeline Schmidt
She went to the doctor cause she couldn't shit
He gave her some medicine all wrapped up in glass
Up went the window and out went her ass

Chorus: It was brown, brown shit falling down
Brown, Brown shit all around
It was brown, brown shit falling down
Covered all over with SHIT, SHIT, SHIT SHIT

A handsome young copper was walking his beat
He happened to be on that side of the street
He looked up so bashful, He looked up so shy
And a great gob of shit hit him right in the eye

The handsome young copper, he cursed and he swore
He called that young maiden a dirty old whore
'Neath London bridge he is now forced to sit
With a sign round his neck saying blinded by shit

I'VE GOT SIX-PENCE

I've got six-pence, jolly jolly six-pence
I've got six-pence to last me all my life
I've got tuppence to spend, and tuppence to lend
And tuppence to send home to my wife, poor wife

No cares have I to grieve me
No pretty little girls to decieve me
I'm happy as a lark believe me
As we go rolling rolling home

Rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day, when the Air Force gets its pay
As we go rolling rolling home

UNCLE JOHN & AUNTIE MABEL

Tune: Hark the Herald Angels sing

Uncle John & Auntie Mabel, fainted at the breakfast table,
This should be sufficient warning, never do it in the morning,

Ovalteen has set them right, now they do it every night,
Uncle John is hoping soon, to do it in the afternoon

A---men

SIX POUNDS OF BOOBIES

84.

Six pounds of boobies in a loose brassier
An old used condom and a glass of beer
A twat that twitches likes a mooses ear
These are the things I love

A dirty whore strolling down the street
A bloody kotex in the rumble seat
I love my poontang but I beat my meat
These are the things I love

KOTEX SONG Tune: Caissons go Rolling Along 85.

You can tell by the smell that she isn't feeling well
When the end of the month rolls around
How she turns, how she squirms, how she gets a case of worms
When the end of the month rolls around
For it's hi, hi, bee in the Kotex industry
Call out your sizes loud and strong
Super-Junior-Band-aid
For where ere you go, the blood will always flow
When the end of the month rolls around

OLD GRAY BUSTLE Tune: Old Gray Bonnet 86.

Put on your old grey bustle and get out and hustle
For tomorrow the rent's coming due
Put your ass in clover, let the boys look it over
If you can't get five take two

Put on those old pink panties that used to be your aunties
And we'll go for a tussel in the hay
Now there's no use duckin' cause you're gonna get a fuckin'
In the good old fashioned way

Put on your old grey corset if it won't fit force it
For the fleet is coming in today
As the bees make honey let your ass make money
In the good old fashioned way

Put on that old blue ointment the crabs disappointment
And we'll kill those bastards where they lay
Through it scratches and it itches, it will kill those sons-of-bitches
In the good old fashioned way

SALLY

87.

Sally's in the alley sifting cinders
Lifted up her leg and farted like a man
Wind from her bloomers broke six windows
Cheeks of her ass went BAM BAM BAM

The Air Force is the life for me, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor
I'll jump my ship and leave the sea and be an aviator
I'll fly so high I'll reach the sky, gravitation I'll defy
I'll make the people moan and cry, said Barnacle Bill the Sailor

Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden
Pretty soon you'll lose that grin, said the fair young maiden

I'm rough and tough, I know my stuff, said Bill the aviator
I'll fly this ship 'til I've had enough, said Bill the aviator
I know a strut, I know a fin, I know a barrel roll and a spin
I know a prop, I know a knick, and I know an elevator

You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden
You're out of gas and must go down, wailed the fair young maiden

I'm a cockeyed Finn if I'll give in, roared Bill the aviator
I'll fight this ship with a flyers grin, roared Bill the aviator
He kicked the bar and pulled the stick, which didn't seem to do the trick
And he hit the ground like a ton of brick, poor Barnacle Bill the sailor

Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden
Here's some flowers for his grave, sobbed the fair young maiden

STREET CLEANNER SONG

Tune:Carolina in the Morning

89.

Nothing could be madder
Than to be a street cloanner
In the morning
Nothing makes you bluer
Than to pick up horse manure
In the morning

When the horses unload
That's what I really hate
Cleaning up horse manure
From four AM till eight
Strolling with my pushcart
When the breezes smell like cheeses
In the morning

There's nothing more I fear
Than a horse with diarrhea
In the morning
Why can't they drop those little balls
That don't stick to my overalls
In the morning

If I had Alladins lamp for only a day
I would make a wish or two
And here's what I'd say
I wish they would put glasses
All around those horses asses
In the morning

THE MOUSE

90.

The liquor was spilled on the barroom floor
And the bar was closed for the night
When out of a hole came a little brown mouse
And sat in the pale moonlight
He lapped up the liquor on the barroom floor
And back on his haunches he sat
And all night long you could hear him roar:
"BRING ON THE GOD DAMNED CAT!!!!"

Into the air 69ers
Into the air upside down
Into the air 69ers
Set your sights and lets go down, we'll all go down
And when we see those bastard Commies
And we make them shit a pound
You can bet those 69ers
Are all going down

Into the air 69ers
Onto your back, "soisante-neuf"
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof
And when you see those "Golf-balls" flying
And the flak begins to blast
You can bet the 69ers
Will bite 'em in the ass

HUMORESQUE

Passengers will please refrain
From flushing toilets while the train
Is standing in the station, I love you
As we go strolling through the park
And gossing shadows in the dark
If Sherman's horse can take it, why can't you

You're the guy that did the pushing
Put wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Ever since you met my daughter
She's had trouble passing water
Wish that you had never come to town

I'm the guy that did the pushing
Put the wet spots on the cushion
Footprints on the dashboard upside down
Since I met your daughter Venus
I've had trouble with my penis
Wish I'd never seen your God damn town

Some girls work in factories
Some girls work in stores
My girl works in a knockin' shop
With forty other whores

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu
Bang it good and strong
What'll we do for banging
When Lulu's dead and gone

Wish I was a Pi...
Under Julie's belt
Everytime she'd...
I'd...
I'd...
I'd...

Wish I was a...
On Julie's little hand
Everytime she wiped her ass
I'd see the...
I'd...

Lulu had a baby
She had it on a...
She couldn't call it Lulu
'cause the...
The...
The...

Lulu had a baby
She wiped it...
She threw it...
To teach it...

Last time I saw her
I haven't seen her since
She was suckin' like a tiger
Through a barbed wire fence

WHAT HAVE I TILLED YESSUP?

Have you tried Yessup?
The best bread... in the land
Have you tried Yessup?
The best bread... in the land
Delicious, my... the whole day though
Jack Hard-on's a fan of it, and neither will you
Oh have you tried Yessup?
The best bread... in the land
Yessup-spelled backwards is Pussy
Spelled sideways is Slap-clurp

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and snow and sleet
And though we think we're flying south
We're flying fucking north
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth of fucking forth

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah
Glory, Glory Hallelujah. Glory
Glory, Hallelujah, (insert last line of each verse)

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and corn and wheat
And though we think we fly with skill
We fly with fucking luck
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a fucking fuck

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and sno and sleet
And though we think we're flying up
We're flying fucking down
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the fucking ground

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GOLD

Darling let me fix your garter
Just an inch above your knee
And if I should wander farther
Please don't blame it all on me

The hair around your pussy's turning silver
The hair around my cock is turning gold
So let's put our two things together
Silver threads among the gold

So she let me fix her garter
Just an inch above the knee
And my hand did wander farther
And she pissed all over me

Twas on the good ship Venus, my God you should have seen us
The figure head was a whore in bed, and the mast a rampart penis

Chorus: Frigging in the rigging, frigging in the rigging
Frigging in the rigging, there's fuck all else to do

The captain of this lugger, he was a dirty bugger
He wasn't fit to shovel shit, from one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan, my God was he a gorgon
Ten times a day he used to play, upon his sexual organ

The second mate's name was Andy, he was so young and randy
They boiled his bun in steaming rum, for coming in the brandy

The midshipman's name was Nipper, his was a dirty ripper
He filled his ass with broken glass, and circumsized the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mabel, when ever she was able
She'd fornicate with the second mate, upon the galley table

The Captain had a daughter, who fell into the water
Delighted squeals revealed the eels, had found her sexual quarter

The crew they were hard cases, you could see it in their faces
They took to frigging in the rigging, for want of better places

So drunk with exultation, we reached our China station
And sunk a junk in a sea of spunk, caused by mutual masturbation

K.
DO YOUAKEN MY SISTER TILLY

Do youaken my sister Tilly
She's a whore on Piccadilly
And my mother is the same upon the strand
And my father sells his ass hole
At the Elephant and Castle
We're the finest whoring family in the land

When you wake up in the morning
With your hands upon your knees
And the shadow of your penis on the wall
And the hair a growing thick
Between your ass hole and your prick
And the rats are playing snooker with your balls

STYLES

There are styles that show the ankle
There are styles that show the knee
There are styles that have the boys all wondering
Just what the girls are gonna let us see
There are styles that have a tender meaning
That the eyes of men alone can see
But the style that Eve wore in the garden
Is the style that appeals to me

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

100.

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down
I've never seen such darkness, the night was black as pitch
When suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean
I'll spend each payday, that's myhey hey day
With Lilly, my blackout queen

Oh, I couldn't see her figure, I couldn't see her face
But if I ever see her, I'll know her anywhere
I couldn't tell if she was blonde or a dark brunnette
But each time she'd give me, a thrill, I won't forget

She said to me, Oh Yankee boy are you lonesome are you blue
Just step around the corner, I'll show you what I'll do
We went in some dark alley, I said, I love you kid
She said, Okay, but first you pay, so I gave her twenty quid

She leaned her back against the wall, I took her in my arms
She gave to me her very all, and all her buxum charms
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat
It was a shame, she should have been, a circus acrobat

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed
She was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed
She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice
Why what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price

Oh minstrels sing of a mighty king
Who many long years ago
Ruled his land with an iron hand
But his mind was weak and low

His only under clothing was
A filthy undershirt
It was long enough to hide his hide
But never to hide the dirt

He loved to hunt the royal stag
Within the royal wood
But the sport he loved the best of all
Was pullin his royal pud

Wild and wooly and full of fleas
His terrible tool hung down to his knees
God save the bastard king of England

Now the queen of Spain was a spri ghtly dame
And an amorous dame was she
And she loved to fool with the royal tool
From far across the sea

So she sent a special message
By a special messenger
And asked the royal bastardship
To spend the night with her

When Phillip of France heard this
He summoned his royal court
Said she prefers my rival
Just because my tool is short

So he sent the Duke of Slip and Slap
To give the queen a dose of clap
And thus avenged the bastard king of England

When news of this foul deed
Did reach fair England's halls
The king he swore by the shirt he wore
He'd have old Phillip's balls

So he offered a night with the sweet Hortense
To the man who'd nut the king of France
And thus avenge the bastard king of England

Up spoke the duke of Suffolk
He took himself to France
Declared himself a flutter
The king took down his pants

He droppod a thong around his dong
Jumped on his horse and galloped along
And thus avenged the bastard king of
England

Now Phillip assumed a royal stance
And grovled on the floor
For during the ride his royal pride
Had stretched a yard or more

And all the girls in England
Came down to London town
And shouted round the castle
To hell with Englands crown

So Phillip assumed the throne
His scepter was the royal bone
With which he downed the bastard king
of England

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction
Full of brandy and wine
The topic of conversation was
Your cunts no bigger than mine

Chorus: Roly poly tickle my holey
Slippery slimey slue
Rattle your nuts across my guts
I'm one of the whorey crew

The first old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the air
The birds fly in and birds fly out
And never touch a hair

The second old whore got up and said
My cunt's as big as the moon
A man went in it January
And didn't come out 'til June

The third old whore got up and said
Man you're all talking galls
Cause when I have my periods
It's like Niagra Falls

OH MY GOD

Oh my God, we've all done wrong
We've all been drunk for so God Damn long
And we don't give a Jesus if it rains, hails or freezes
Let the old man say what he God Damn pleases
We're just a bunch of shitsters, a bunch of booze histers
FIGHTER PILOTS ALL

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.

When I was young and sweet sixteen
I met a girl from New Orleans
Oh she was young and pretty too
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that
It's round and soft like a pussy cat
It's round and soft and split in two
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar
She said I was a very fine feller
She gave me wine and whiskey too
And she let play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed
She placed a pillow beneath my head
And then she took my hickey-floo
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell
She swelled and swelled till she looked like hell
She told her ma and her father too
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore
You've gone and lost your maidens lore
Pack up your bag and your nighty too
And make your living from your ring-dang-doo

She went to the city to become a whore
She hung a sign upon her door
Five dollars now nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went
And the price went down to fifteen cents
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And then one day a son-of-a-bitch
He had the crabs and the jockey itch
He had the syph and diarrhea too
And he took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

They hung her tits in the city hall
They pickled her ass in alcohol
Now all you bums and hobo's too
You've heard my tale of the ring-dang-doo

So they buried her near the city hall
And they engraved upon the wall
She's learned her lesson and you should too
Just stay away from the ring-dang-doo

THE BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

106.

An airman told me before he died
And I don't think that the bastard lied
That he had a wife with a cunt so wide
That she could never be satisfied

So he invented a prick of steel
Driven by a bloody great wheel
Two brass balls all filled with cream
And the whole fucking issue was driven by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel
In and out went the prick of steel
Until at last the maiden cried
Enough enough I'm satisfied

But now we come to the bitter bit
There was no way of stopping it
She was split from her ass to her tit
And the whole fucking issue was covered with shit

PADDY MURPHY

107.

Have you ever been in an Irishman's shanty
Where whiskey is plenty and the money is scanty
A bed on the floor, a roof of thatch
And a string on the door instead of a latch
Now there were icepicks and toothpicks
And all kinds of lunatics, ice cream and cold cream
The girls were drinking kerosene

Now the night that Paddy Murphy died is one I'll not forget
The boys they started drinking and some ain't sober yet
Now the night that Paddy Murphy died
They came from far and near
They took the ice right off the corpse, and put it in their beer

And that's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
That's how we showed our honor and our pride
That's how we showed our respect for Paddy Murphy
On the night that Paddy died

I WANT TO PLAY PIANO IN A WHORE HOUSE

108.

Oh I want to play piano in a whore house
That is my one desire
Some people may be bankers
Or farmers out in Butte
I just want to play in a house of ill repute

Now you may think this strange, my advocation
But cardinal copulation's here to stay
I don't want fame or riches
I want to play for those old bitches
I want to play piano in a whore house

Tune: "The Night Before Xmas"

One fine day, just last summer ('twas prior to a raid)
The jocks were hung over - from screwing the maid

So with canopies open and heads hung in grief.
Their sorrows were many
Their crew rest too brief

The mission commander
By some marvelous feat
Get them to the Anchor --
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds
spread in "pod" - Quite a force!
The Phantoms moved in
Like the old Trojan Horse

The MIGs had been scrambled,
Were headed out east,
But the gunners are hosing
Eighty-fives at our least

"Why the hell should they hate me?
I cried in dismay
"I'm egressing, you bastards
So play it my way!"

But my cry went unheeded
As our bird took a hit
And I knew there and then
Things had just turned to shit

Tho' my chances were nil
There was fuck else to do
But head for the Black
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed
Did we drop the whole load
On that cock-cuckin' gunners
Kids, wife, and abode

There was no goddam grief
As I cried out with glee
"Eat your heart out, you bitch
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent
(that was all we could get)
We headed for North Point
With hopes of a TET

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT (continued)

But 'twas mostly in vain
As we swung past the Red-
I knew that my ass
Was fuckin' near dead

'Cause Yen Bay came alive
Like the Fourth of July!
The flak was so thick
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four
Broke down, left, then right-
Leaving us solo
In the dwindling light

"Well ol' buddy," my number one
GIB sats to me
"it looks like there's just
Gonna be me and thee!"

"and with your goddam luck
We should punch out at ten -
So the rest of the fall
We can take with a grin!"

"For I just know goddam well
As I sit here in fright
That both Fuckin' chutes
Were packed wrong last night!"

"And I want you to know"
he hastened to add
"That in case we don't make it -
Please don't get mad!"

"It isn't my fault
That the pod didn't work -
I told you that twice
you dumb fuckin' jerk!"

"A tank didn't feed
The doppler was short
(you said) we'll get our counter -
No matter what!"

"Well, you've got your first counter -
It may be the last
Unless this old whore
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!
Was the word of the day
So we punched, not at ten
But at two, so they say.....

THE TWELVE DAYS OF CHRISTMAS

110.

On the 1st day of Christmas my true love gave to me:

2nd day	A hand job in a pear tree
3rd day	Two brass balls
4th day	Three french ticklers
5th day	Four cock suckers
6th day	Five Mother Fuckers
7th day	Six sacks of shit
8th day	Seven scrotums swinging
9th day	Eight assholes itching
10th day	Nine nipples nibbling
11th day	Ten titties tingling
12th day	Eleven lesbians licking
	Twelve twats a twitching

JOY TO THE WORLD

111.

Joy to the world, the bombs will come
Lets all go join the fun
The bridges, Dams and Power Plants
The schools, the kids and even ants
Will know the awesome sound
Of bombs hitting the ground
They'll shiver, they'll quiver
Gee, war is fun.

JINGLE BELLS

112.

Flying thru the sky, in a Foxtrout one-o-five
Flying thru the flak, never looking back
Thru the hills we dodge, for SAMS are called away
What fun it is to bomb and strafe the DRV today

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way
Oh, what fun it is to bomb the DRV each day
CBU's, Mark 82's, 750's too
Daddy Vulcan strikes again
Our Christmas gift to you

LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

113.

Oh little town of Ho Chi Minh
How safe you think you lie
Beneath your ring of SA2's
You think the fives won't fly
Yet thru the cloud deck raineth
A deadly trail of bombs
Too late for fear, the end is near
How bout that one-o-five

I had a little girl down in Baltimore
but the funk from her drawers knocked me flat on the floor
he's a rotten motherfucker and I love her so
he's my little girl from Baltimore
hy do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy ?
hy do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
hy do the drums go boom-diddy-boom-diddy?
hy do the drums go boom?

ell...I took her to the church just to meet all the people
ut the funk from her drawers knocked the cross off the steep

ell...I took her to the store just to buy some peas
ut the funk from her drawers knocked the clerk on his knees

ell...I took her to the farm just to get a job
ut the funk from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

ell...I took her to the movie but the crowd got mean
hen the funk from her drawers knocked the flick off the screen

ell...I took her to the beach man she was a dish
ut the funk from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

ell...I took her to the club for a bite to eat
ut the funk from her drawers burned a hole in the seat

ell I took her to Korat just to meet the Thais
ut the funk from her drawers brought the tears to their eyes

ell... I took her to the field just to watch me fly
ut the funk from her drawers knocked my Thud from the sky

ell... I took her down to Veenas but they started bitchen
hen the funk from her drawers drew the flies from the kitchen

ell...I took her to my hooch cause I thought I'd score
ut the funk from her drawers burned the paint off the door

ell...I took her to the park just to roll in the grass
ut the funk from her drawers curled the hairs on my ass

ell...I took her to my room and I started to hunch
ut the funk from her drawers made me blow my lunch

ell... I slipped it up her tubes and I tried to coat 'em
ut the funk from her drawers peeled the skin off my scrotum

ll...I fucked her on the floor man it was a feeling
en the funk from her drawers stuck my ass to the ceiling

ll... I paid her fifty bucks cause it was a thrill
t the funk from her drawers wiped the ink off the bill

ll... They took my little girl to the police station
id the funk from her drawers was a threat to the nation

ll...They took her to the court for a speedy trial
t the funk from her drawers laid the judge in the aisle

Well... They locked her in a jail but she's doin well
Cause the funk from her drawers killed the rats in her cell

Well...I lost my little girl but I didn't mind
Cause the funk from her drawers nearly made me blind

NIGHT ON THE TOWN

115

Over the river, across the fence
to gomer's house we go.
The THUD knows the way
It's Bullseye today
To visit Uncle HO-OH!
We're Weasels, you know, so look out below
'cause we've got our shit together.
Chasing down SAM's and Firecans
and always in dogshit weather.
Green up the missiles and warm up the pods
Their GCI's got us now.
Tune up the scope
They'll launch one we hope
Get ready to take it down.
Then just for spite we'll punch off a shrike
Sweet Jesus! What a shit hot day!
Dropping their socks and cleaning their clocks
and blowing their shit away.